

his father. Once he spoke, bidding the watchers, "do not weep; I shall soon be strong." Ah, yes, in his Father's Home he would "soon be strong" again. The struggle was of long duration. The sun went down in golden splendor, filling the room with soft heavenly light. Just as the veil of deepening twilight hid the dance of dead warriors in the western sky the end came. With outstretched arms, he cried:

"Father, I come! I have kept the promise! It is well."

The form relaxed—the brown eyes had looked their last on earth—they opened in heaven.

The night drew her sable curtains, the pale moon rose and filled the room with softened splendor, lighting the dark face of Cunecuh with her radiance. The sobbing of the bereaved filled the room, but he who had never been deaf to sounds of woe, was beyond the reach of tears. The wind arose and swept moaningly among the forest trees as it did when the man lying still and cold first saw the light. The mother heard, and whispered, "Nature moans for him." By the side of his father, neath the oaks they loved so well, he lies awaiting the resurrection. A simple stone, on one side:

IMISTOWA IMISTOWA.  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The other:

CUNECUH IMISTOWA.  
"His work is o'er; he sleepeth well."

The wind sighs softly over the graves, and the flowers shed their fragrance round the dead.

Often, in the dusk of evening, a woman past her early youth comes with a gray-haired, feeble mother to the village of the departed. Together they kneel beside the graves. The elder often breaks the stillness with a passionate cry for rest with her husband and son. A fair-haired, gentle lady, with a youth

and maiden, also come to pay their tribute to the dead. Imistowa grows more and more like his grandsire, but the brown eyes gleam as did his father's.

Oft in the quiet night a lonely lad may be seen standing by the hallowed spot with a look of anguish on his young face. If he lives until his locks are hoary with age the memory of his father will never fade from his heart. The requiem of the wind comes to him, and the name "Cunecuh" seems the burden of its chant.

### THE MONTH OF MAY.

Of all the months of the year, there is none so dear to the heart of man as the month of May.

It is the month of joy and hope, renewing all things within and around us. It pours new sap into the veins of nature; clothes the bare, gray earth with a mantle of green; smiles with the smiles of flowers; turns the cold wind of winter into a gentle zephyr, breathing the sweet perfume of spring. At its coming, the bald tree puts on its green garb, and the forest-songsters form choirs to celebrate its welcome. In a word, the month of May changes the barren earth into a garden of Eden.

This beautiful month has been consecrated to Mary by a special devotion. This devotion is said to have been originated by St. Philip Neri, who died in Rome in 1595. The devotion was practiced only by a few until the latter part of the last century, when it grew into favor at Rome; and, about the beginning of the present century, it passed from Italy to other countries of Europe, and soon spread throughout the world, "so that now," says the *Ave Maria*, "we see it marked by that universality which characterizes the Church itself. At the present time there is not a spot on the face of the earth where the divine light of the Gospel has penetrated that this beautiful devotion of the month of May